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Bach's Piano Compositions.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

From the German of ROCHLITZ.

You ask if I will laugh at you, because, in spite of the best will, you cannot relish the piano works of Bach? Do not believe it, my dear A. Good things require time. No tree falls at the first stroke. Remember: there was a time, too, when we found much in Homer tedious; when we scarcely endured the mixture of the comic and the tragic in Shakspeare, and read Goethe's "Tasso" only to copy out beautiful sentences. And we had as good a will about it as you have here, and possibly more zeal. But commonly there is as little done with what is lightly termed good will, as there is with what is lightly called sound human understanding. To such good will, which is the result of various influences of the moment on one's mood, there must be added earnest, persevering and well-ordered effort. This is what I am now to write about. Side by side with your will I will place my patience, and when we have united this respectable but rather faint-hearted pair, I will call up, instead of the former, your sense or feeling for Art, and, with your leave, will introduce to him my experience. A more vigorous pair! Here we may hope a statelier marriage, which, with God's blessing, shall not be without fruits.

In the first place let me repeat to you some propositions, in the way of marriage contract, which we all know and confess, but which, when it comes to the application, we are very apt to forget, like other marriage contracts.

Art is certainly a play, but not child's play. It is meant for recreation, but not for frivolity; its aim is to please, but not to please the low

Diamonds do not lie in the streets; nor under thin earth, like potatoes; but in deep mines. And when they are brought to light, and even polished, you must still examine them closely, to distinguish them from Bohemian stones or British steel.

Lessing says: No painter can draw a nobler head than his own; and, rightly understood, the statement is unobjectionable; we may add to it, and say: No one can understand and enjoy a nobler. It presupposes not a little, therefore, if one can really understand and enjoy works so unique in their kind as the works of Bach. It requires still more, if one belong to an age when all are nourished upon works which seek the goal by the very opposite path. There is no help for it; one must confess, I am not made for this branch of the beautiful, and cannot appreciate it—which is passing a severe sentence on his own love of Art—or he must form himself for it; that is to say, he must carefully excite, faithfully nourish, and skilfully use, whatever in him lies for such an end.

How so? you ask. There are two ways here: one leads from above down to the centre, the other from below up to it. The former is the theoretic, the latter the practical way. Will you choose the first? No, you say; that is too long and dry for me. If I can reach it by the second, I'll take that—I have no objection. We remain then on the practical way, as being the correct one and at the same time more pleasant. Only we are not to promenade at leisure through a garden of roses.

You smile, and intimate that my precautions are designed to hide my desperation in pointing out this way to you. It divides itself, to be sure, into many footpaths; and who will dare maintain, that mine is the surest? Or must it necessarily suit you, as well as me? I will describe to you how I arrived at an understanding and reverence of the works of Bach; and I am certain, I shall remain my life long not less true to them, than to the quite heterogeneous works of other really great masters of the past and present time. You may then follow me, or turn occasionally from my path; only do not begin what you are not resolved to finish.

While a boy at school, I was obliged to help perform the eight-part motets of Bach: this prejudiced me the more against the master; I was shy of him and of his works. Heaven knows, I only learned to read them firmly through fear of severe punishment; therefore I thought of nothing but to bring out correctly what I found there written; I felt no satisfaction in it, except joy when it was well over, and I often sighed for a new song, or that the Spirit would help me in my

infirmities. Only when I reached the years when a new world gradually opened upon me and closed up my voice for the soprano, was I at times carried away by: *As a father pitieth his children*, and: *Glory and honor*; by the former with devout emotions, by the latter with lively enthusiasm.* But as to closely analyzing what this influence was, or as to reflecting how it was produced,—I was not moved to do it. Enough for me, as for almost all young persons, (and for most, all their lives long,) was the total impression; I had no outward occasion to come nearer to Bach; I was contented with a timid reverence for him.

Then Mozart came to Leipzig. I was often about him, and an eye-witness of his behavior toward Bach's works, as I have before related publicly.† . . . That inflamed me. I got together all of Bach's compositions I could hunt up. With zeal I fell to work on them. It would all go at once, right off—as one thinks in his nineteenth year; but nothing went—as one finds by experience in his nineteenth year. I set before me Bach's Motets, and also some of his Cantatas; by far the greater part of it seemed to me like a fermenting chaos, and I saw, in my haste, no more than one sees in the show-box of the hurdy-gurdy man at Rag Fair:

How all four elements
Are mingled and confused—

* "Sing to the Lord a new song," and "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities," are two of the most difficult of Bach's motets. "As a father pitieth his children," is one of the most humbly pious, and "Glory and honor" one of the sublimest movements among all Bach's works of this kind.

† *Anecdotes from the Life of Mozart*, in the first year of the Leipzig *Musikalische Zeitung*. The following words refer to our present purpose. "At the suggestion of the then cantor of the Thomas-Schule, Doles, the choir surprised Mozart with the execution of the eight-part motet: *Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied*, by Sebastian Bach. Mozart knew this master more by hearsay, than by acquaintance with his works; at least, his Motets, then unprinted, were entirely unknown to him. The choir had scarcely sung a few bars, when Mozart started; a few bars more—when he cried out: What is that? And now his whole soul seemed in his ears. When the singing was over, he exclaimed, full of joy: That is something once more from which something may be learned! They told him that this school, in which Bach had been cantor, possessed and guarded as a sacred treasure the entire collection of his Motets. That is right! that is good! cried he. Show me them!—But they had no score of these vocal pieces; so he had the copied parts handed to him; and now it was a delight to the silent observer to see how eagerly Mozart sat down, placed the parts all around him, in both hands, on his knees, on the nearest seats, and, forgetting all else, did not get up till he had carefully looked through all there was there of Sebastian Bach. He begged a copy, which he prized extremely."

That was vexatious. I tried to help the understanding through the ear, and took out the piano pieces: I was not more fortunate. Modern piano-forte concertos I could play, but not such pieces for one pair of hands. That was still more vexatious; and what I brought out tolerably, would not sound at all well to me: that was the most vexatious of all. I threw away the whole collection, and exclaimed, like St. Jerome, when he had the same luck with Lycophron's Cassandra as I had with Bach: *Si non vis intelligi, non debes legi!*—Not until several years later, when I was invited to work publicly for music by editing a journal especially devoted to it, did I return to my collection, less from inclination than because I held it a duty to know the most excellent in every kind, before I undertook to speak about it. But, not to make another vain attempt, I be-thought me of a plan, as well for my study, as for my execution of that master's works.

What was Bach's main object in his labors? I thought it best to understand that first of all. His leading purpose is not hard to discover, since scarcely any composer has ever pursued his purpose so strictly, putting all else aside. I found the following:

1. If you consider Bach's works in themselves, in their internal structure, it is clear: The artist will not only combine the greatest unity with the utmost possible variety, which every one should; but he will rather sacrifice somewhat to the last than to the first. Look at his best works, my dear A.: for only by the best a man does, only by that in which his will expresses itself the clearest, and in which he comes the nearest to what he has willed, ought we to judge him—look at these works of Bach: for each one of his pieces he chooses only one main thought, with which he then associates one or more accessory ideas, which, however, correspond so perfectly with that, and attach themselves to it so naturally, that it seems for the first time to come fully out and perfectly express itself when in their company. These ideas now he brings, with inexhaustible depth, into ever new and extremely various relations to one another; he separates, unites, turns and twists them in all conceivable ways, and even till they are exhausted; so that one may maintain of many of his works, as of those old German church architects, that it would be impossible for the most practised eye of a fellow artist to perceive all, until he had carefully examined every part, and made himself intimately acquainted with it. Hence everything in Bach's most perfect works seems necessary, (as if it could not have been otherwise without injury to the whole,) and yet at the same time all seems free, each part as it were only self-conditioned.* This obstinate economy, this tenacious and extremely sparing use of material, must seem like poverty, meagre monotony and dryness, to those who cannot keep hold of the inner form, but would fain be interested by multiplicity of masses and varieties of outward forms and manners of expression.

* Both of these excellencies the master—strange to say—accomplished in the most different kinds of his art, from compositions with the greatest number of real parts ever conceived by any artist, down to pieces for a single violin, to which it is impossible even to put a bass; nay, he did it not only with melodies of his own invention, but with the most difficult given melodies, as those of the old church chorals in his Cantatas, &c.

2. If we consider Bach's works with reference to those who hear them and are to feel their effect, it is clear: Our artist makes his appeal, as all true artists do, to the whole man; but he reverses the order which the most mark out for themselves, or which they, following their individuality, adopt instinctively. He is very seldom what we commonly call agreeable, or flattering to the outward sense and to what passes over unconsciously from sense into feeling. Least of all is he so in his best known compositions, in those for the piano and the organ, as well as in those for the voice alone. In the works for voices and orchestra he employs indeed for this end not unfrequently the peculiar charm of this or that instrument, and herein he is at times as tender, as peculiar, as strange and piquant, as he must have been (according to Hiller's testimony) in the use of the various stops when he played the organ.—Bach, then, gives little in the way of sensuous charm and excitation. He offers indeed rich matter to the imagination, but seldom by direct appeals to it, always rather through the medium of thinking. He often takes hold of the feelings, but for the most part on a side where most men are not very susceptible, and where even the most capable and best cannot at all hours follow him: namely, on the side of the sublime and grand. But when he has once taken hold of this feeling, he holds it powerfully and unalterably up to the very climax. But mostly he excites and occupies the understanding; not the cold and dry, but the living, glowing and all-penetrating intellect. Hence to one, who cannot think during his artistic enjoyment, his works are very little; such an one will never take home to himself their most essential excellence, nor will he even find it out.

[Conclusion next week.]

Disputed Points about Handel's Music.

(From the *Athenæum*, July 4.)

Dr. Crysander, the German gentleman entrusted by the Halle Committee with the task of writing the biography of Handel, to be ready for the centenary performances of 1859, and to accompany the new German edition of Handel's works advertised—is now in England in quest of materials. The old sources, the old lives, and the old errors, lie, we know, within a small compass, and are ready at hand. It seems like offering a piece of Job's comfort to a willing laborer to say, that the difficulties of clearing out new channels of information, and of really settling the disputed points which belong to the music of this greatest of musicians, demand the devotion of twenty rather than of two years if they are to be completely met. Yet we must hope that they will not be lost sight of; since if sources of inquiry are only indicated, musical antiquaries of 1959 perhaps may be found willing to explore and to admit what is now left unsearched and unquestioned. How loth the world is to receive testimony and to examine evidence, we are reminded by the new Preface written by Mr. Macfarren for the authorized work of "Israel" put forth by the Sacred Harmonic Society. In this, we find the puzzling discovery years ago announced and verified by the *Athenæum*, of the identity of the Kerl *Canzona* with the chorus "Egypt was glad," acknowledged for the first time, by any writer unconnected with this journal. Along with this are other admissions and acceptances which are no less remarkable.

"The First Part [of 'Israel,' writes Mr. Macfarren] contains two appropriations of inconsiderable importance from the composer's 'Six Fugues for the Harpsichord'; there are in it also four prominent ideas derived from an Italian 'Serenata' for three solo voices and orchestra of Alessandro Stradella, of which M. Schœlcher possesses a manuscript, and, what is

much the most remarkable, an adaptation of an organ fugue (or, as the author defines it, a *Canzona*), by Johann Caspar Kerl, with whose writings, as with those of all his contemporaries, Handel was familiar, and who, according to Sir John Hawkins, was at the height of his career as a writer for and performer upon the organ at the time of Handel's infancy. The Second Part includes many more adaptations of very great importance from an unknown work of which it is here necessary to give some brief account. This is a 'Magnificat' with Latin words, of which a copy (most likely the original) in Handel's handwriting is in the collection of his MSS. in Buckingham Palace. The copy is defective of the last three pieces; but there is a complete transcript of the work in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which supplies the deficiency. For the collation of the transcript with Handel's MS., and the proof this affords of the work being Handel's composition, the musical world is indebted to the researches of M. Schœlcher, whose biography of the composer affords most copious particulars upon this interesting subject."

By the above we now have "four prominent ideas" in the first part of "Israel" given to Stradella. Yet the *Magnificat*, which is described in one manuscript as "by" Erba, is once again unhesitatingly attributed to Handel, because an incomplete copy of the work exists in the handwriting of Handel, who was known to have copied music by "Kerl, Fröhberger," &c. &c., and who is here further admitted in "Israel" to have quoted four prominent subjects from another Italian master. Ours is not quibbling, under the notion of making a stir by keeping alive a paper war; but a sincere effort to encourage all who deal with a subject of its kind as difficult as Shakspeare's text, to take some pains to get at the truth, whether it makes a concord or a discord with their own particular crotchets!—Meanwhile, to turn from what is grave and tedious (however it be necessary), let us mention an illustration of Handel's procedure at this moment trudging up and down London streets, which is about as quaintly picturesque a thing to see (however bad to listen to) as we have been often treated with. This is the *Zampognatore*, who plays on the Italian bagpipe, with his comrades. We met him last under the trees in the Champs Elysées at Paris. In that fantastic place no curiosity nor exotic man, woman, or child looks misplaced. Here, beneath the leaden sky of London, these bright-faced, dirty, picturesque shepherd folk, who apparently wander about with a craving to find any creature that will endure their music and look kindly on themselves, is a sight a little sad and strange. Suspicious and comforting prudence whispers that, after all, these Southern peasants may not be genuine—any more than were the Bohemians who, some twenty-five years ago, were got up in Whitechapel to rival "the original Tyrolese" at the West-End of London. But experience replies that the music of our *Zampognatore* and his assistant pipers is as shocking and crude as if it came from the *Campagna*; and thus, it may be feared, the party is a real thing. Nevertheless, this curious group, that emits such execrating and droning sounds is linked with Handel's "Messiah" and Corelli's "Nativity Concerto,"—since any one who, with cottoned ears and close-buttoned pocket, can have patience to follow them and endure the appeal of their mute yet merry faces, down "all manner of streets," will hear, in its turn, the *Motivo* of "The Pastoral Symphony" and the well-known phrase which was wrought up for the orchestra by Cardinal Ottoboni's guest (the Roman violinist) in their fresh, if not pure, state, and played with a true piper's gusto. Never was the alchemical power of Genius to transmute and perfect the rudest ware, more clearly brought before us than while we were alighting the coarse, searching, screeching indications of that which the world has been made to love as a strain of perfect and celestial melody—under the blaze of a fierce noon, on a London causeway.

Dr. Marschner's Music.

From the London *Athenæum*.

The quality of the music by Dr. Marschner presented at the late concert claims a word of retrospect,—due to one who gained a good name more than a quarter of a century since, and who has continued to work indefatigably,—of later

years, we suspect, more indefatigably than hopelessly. Three of Dr. Marschner's operas, "Der Vampyr," "Der Templer und die Jüdin," and "Hans Heiling," have a place in the universal German repertory. The first two made it evident that their author entered on his career with that instinct for the stage which no study can give. It is true that throughout "Der Vampyr" the influence of Weber is to be traced, as clearly as the influence of Signor Rossini in Signor Pacini's "La Schiava in Bagdad"; and it is true that to this resemblance, possibly, the opera owed such popularity as it gained at once. Traces of a resolution to fling off Weber's influence are discernible throughout Dr. Marschner's later and best opera,—that on the "Ivanhoe" story: which may be called the "Euryanthe" to his "Der Freischütz." There is a rich and real color—something oriental and Jewish—in the trial scene. Friar Tuck's song is jolly and English,—a ditty to be sung and chorused beneath the shade of oak trees; and the "Templar's March," though built on curiously few notes, is a characteristic march,—as such to be classed with Weber's gipsy tune in "Preciosa." But from this point in Dr. Marschner's career, his vigor—not his willingness to produce—seems to have failed him; and without his having established a manner of his own, as Dr. Spohr did in his early works, our late guest has followed the law of a similar career, and has since thrown off much music (if the truth must out) apparently without reality or enjoyment, or success in any respect commensurate with his industry. That the system of life establishment for musicians has helped at producing such results, we cannot but think: observing that no such progress is to be traced among the second-rate composers of Germany, whatever be their fecundity, as marked the lives and operas of the Donizettis and Bellinis of Italy;—men buffeted about, compelled to attempt here, to concede there, to educate themselves up to the conditions and requirements of the public by whose enthusiasm or condemnation they were to live or to starve. Too many of the German composers who wrote subsequently to the great period of creation—let us instance Lindpaintner, the Lachners, Gläser, Löwe, that we may not be thought invidious towards one man alone—seem to have become languid, tame, undecided; and the majority of them, we must add, (seduced by a few brilliant examples,) have fallen into their "solemn drowsyhead" without having won the right to sleep by previous academical labor. So far from this, as a body of opera-writers, they have been curiously unlearned. Because Beethoven despised his singers,—because Weber (natural melodist though he was) had never mastered the science of vocal writing,—these gentlemen, appealing to such high precedents, produced operas so unpleasing for the voices, that they have done their part in paving the way for the men of the present, who declare that a voice is only good when it does not sing, but declaims. There is a *finale* in Dr. Marschner's "Falkner's Braut" which lives in our recollection as the most ungainly musical piece for every singing creature concerned in it to sing in tune, and, of course, to get by heart, that we ever came near,—without one phrase to redeem the ungraciousness. The inevitable counterpoise to this vocal torture is a triviality and triteness of melody when a tune is wanted. Let us consider what manner of melodies have come from Germany since the days when Schubert's songs were unearthed after his death—*Lieder* by Kücken, Proch, Speyer—a faded phrase or two by Conradin Kreutzer—and such specimens as Mendelssohn has left us. It may be observed as a universal fact in the career of all the estimable men—of whom Dr. Marschner is one—that a time has come when grimness and mystery have been rated at their proper value, and at which the tune-chase has begun.

The foregoing remarks are forced on us by the music given the other day; which was not bad, not ugly, not altogether ill made, but not new—and how flat! There was the overture to "Hans Heiling," which is an overture in a minor key and an agitated movement, such as could be turned out of a kaleidoscope, full of vapid phrases;

—less real and excellent than the flimsiest bit of French nonsense, timed by a triangle, and vulgarized by the tune being scored for cornet-à-piston. There was a dancing duet for two sopranos, which never came to an end—and heavy was the dance, and trite was the tune. There was a *Lied* about a "kiss" (encored), in which the tune was as common-place, but not so sweet, as the transaction to which it was devoted. In Dr. Marschner's long piano-forte trio, again, the triteness of phrase, and the absence of interest and style, must have been felt by every listener as depressing. To ourselves, the other day's experience, conjointly with remembrance of other works from the same hand that we have encountered abroad (an Oriental cantata, "Klänge aus Osten," among the rest.) suggested the "rotteness" in the state of German art and ambition, which has rendered such a maturity of mediocrity not merely possible, but frequent too, with persons whom modest study (and a little struggle) might have ripened, and freshened. It is not pleasant to say this: but having been obdurate to the sorceries of Herren Wagner and Liszt,—having spoken of them as delusions,—we cannot receive such an impression of such a cause of such an effect,—not touch such a seed of such a fruit, as this concert made us do,—without pointing out how the present German frenzy is ascribable, partly to the former too facile acquiescence of the public,—partly to that German antagonism to a real and universal knowledge of music, which may be dated from the moment when some mighty men began to set themselves up in opposition to what Herr von Raumer has pertly called the "sing song" of Italy,—otherwise to the idea of beauty, omnipresent, if not paramount, in an art which is nothing if not poetical, symmetrical, harmonious.

(From SCHREIBER'S Life of Handel.)

Perversions ("Adaptations") of Handel's Songs.

In spite of their reverence for Handel, the English will only see in him the composer of sacred music; and, outside of a certain musical sphere, there are many persons who will be very much astonished to hear that Handel ever wrote an opera. They will go to the theatre to listen to such rubbish as *Rigoletto*, but no manager dares to risk such works as *Otho*, *Admetus*, *Alcina*, or *Julius Caesar*. Meanwhile, they sing with admiration the religious air of "Lord, remember David," which, like the "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," is, after all, only a secular air disguised—nothing but "Rendi'l sereno al ciglio" of *Sosarme*; "He was eyes unto the blind," is made out of "Non vi piacque" of *Siroe*; "He was brought as a lamb," of "Nel riposo" of *Deidamia*; "Turn thee, O Lord," of "Verdi prati," a sublime air of *Alcina*; "He layeth the beams of his chamber," of "Nasci al bosco" of *Ezio*; and "Bow down thine ear, O Lord," of "Vieni, o figlio" of *Ottone*.

I have only cited here the best known examples of these transmutations, but there are a multitude of others, many of which have been printed over and over again, while the original airs have remained buried in the old editions of Walsh, and are known only to amateurs. The Italian repertory of Handel has been sanctified (as it were) in this manner, and almost always fraudulently; that is to say, the source has been concealed. The smallest vice in these pieces of scrap work is to render unnatural, and consequently to spoil the most beautiful things by putting them into dresses which were never made to fit them. Nothing can be said against a translation when it is executed with ability, and preserves the spirit by changing only the words of the original; but to adapt a cavatina of the theatre to a strophe from the Bible is almost invariably tantamount to an entire change of the composer's idea, since there is no analogy in the sentiments which it is made to express. Music is not "a horse for every saddle," and although it is not a precise and determined language—although it can frequently express diverse ideas, it can not adapt itself indifferently to every description of words. It is known that Handel himself wrote four choruses

of the "Messiah" out of "Chamber Duets." He has taken a phrase of a chorus in *Acis*, "Behold the monster," in which the expression of fear and horror is admirable, from another chamber duet, of which the sense was not at all analogous. "Let old Timotheus," of "Alexander's Feast," is perfectly similar to the first part of the chamber trio, "Quel fior che al alba ride." Many similar examples might be quoted. But although an air which has been composed for one subject may sometimes be suitable for another, such is not always the case. Music is an excessively delicate art; it is the most sensitive of all the arts; the slightest modification—even the alteration of a note—is perceptible; the acceleration, or the prolongation of the time often entirely changes the character of a song; and it is the composer only who has a right to effect such transformations, for he alone can judge of their propriety. There may be different ways (and all excellent) of singing the same thing, and yet all ways may not be good. There are a hundred thousand plaintive melodies which will very well express *I wish to die*, and some of these may be very well applied to *My grief is great*; but some of them would not agree with the latter phrase, and if you applied them to *I wish to dance*, the result would be horribly incongruous.

The acrobats who give themselves to this kind of trick are still more culpable, when they do not inform the public of the fact. For example, in the "Holy, holy, Lord," which is usually printed as "by Handel," the word "holy" occurs *thirty-one times over*. But it never falls together oftener than twice, although the text invokes God as thrice holy. Surely Handel would not have been so prodigal of this word, and he would not have altered the biblical text, which repeats three times, "Holy! holy! holy!" He knew that the number three was a sacred number in the Bible, like the number seven. Still less would he have clothed the invocation of a praying people—"Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty!" with the accents of a man who is calling upon his love, "Dove sei amato bene," "Where art thou, my beloved treasure?"

And, besides, many of these adapters have not even respected the music which they have meddled with. Corle, in his substitution of "Turn thee, O Lord!" for "Verdi prati," has not contented himself with transforming the Italian air into a duet, but he has found it useful to change certain passages of it. And what could be worse than to, apply a melody which breathes of "Green meadows, lovely forest," to "Turn thee, O Lord?" Arnold has, indeed, preserved in all its integrity the air of "Verdi prati," while he adapts it to "Where is this stupendous Stranger?" (*Redemption*.) But it is easy to imagine what would have been the anger of the choleric Handel, if he could have heard his ideas about green fields applied to any stranger, be he ever so stupendous.

The mania for putting every thing into their prayers has betrayed the English into some most unworthy actions. If Handel had written a "Vive l'amour!" or a "Here's to wine!" they would have made a canticle of it. In 1765, they had the audacity to introduce into *Israel in Egypt* a dozen such things as "Great Jehovah, all adoring," fitted to the music of "Di Cupido impiego i vanni" ("I borrow Cupid's wings"), from *Rodelinda*; thus daring to set Cupid's quiver upon the shoulders of Omnipotence itself—an act which seems to me monstrous, in an artistic point of view, and I am astonished that the English, generally so religious, do not regard it as positively blasphemous.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, when he was reproached with similar practices, wittily replied: "But the devil must not have all the good tunes." A man of wit can always extricate himself by a joke; but that does not satisfy the question of propriety, and it is astonishing that churchmen do not regard this more seriously—for to sing a psalm to an air taken out of an opera seems like decorating the altar with the detested rags of the theatre, or dressing up a bishop in the costume of "the comic man."

Even those who have inherited Handel's own books have left in them traces of similar profana-

tion. Thus, in the copy of "Deborah," which Handel himself used for a long time, and which contains a number of notes, and even entire pages in his own hand-writing, the original air of Jael, "To joy he brightens my despair," is folded down as if to be suppressed, and is replaced by three new pages, with "To joy he brightens" set to an air from *Siroe*, "Sgombra dell'anima"! Many other examples of this might be cited; for really some persons seemed to think that they might take the most incredible liberties with music. In the eighteenth century there were editors who had the barbarous audacity to correct Shakespeare, in order to "render him fit for the stage;" but no one has dared, in imitation of these musical arrangers, to put the description of Queen Mab into Othello's mouth, or Hamlet's soliloquy into that of Falstaff.

Even while Handel was living, this adulteration of his compositions was practiced. All collections of songs about that date are full of things "by Mr. Handel," but of which he was certainly guiltless; and these are always airs from his operas, and even from his oratorios, adapted to English rhymes. The *Thesaurus Musicus*, for example, contains "A bacchanal—Bacchus, god of mortal pleasures," by Mr. Handel; which is simply a gavot from the overture of *Otho*, out of which the adapter has manufactured a toper's duet. And not only did they distort the great master's music by marrying it to words which bore no sort of relation to the ideas which he had intended it to express, but they even degraded it by coupling it with low comedy matters. In the British Museum there is a song, "On the Humours of the town," a dialogue between Columbine and Punch, to a favorite air of Mr. Handel's, "O my pretty PUNCHINELLO!" It is an air from *Rodelinda*, "Ben spesso in vago prato," which is here lent to Columbine and Punchinello for the interchange of their amenities. Harry Carey, the original profaner, had at least the good faith to point it out; but Bickham inserted "O my pretty PUNCHINELLO!" in his "Musical Entertainer," merely observing, "The music by Mr. Handel."!!!

• • • "Comme avec irrévérence
Parle des dieux ce maraud!"—*Amphytrion*.

The Humble Confession of a Tenor.

(From Dickens's Household Words.)

I live in a suburban village, which fast begins to be a town. London bubbles up here and there all along our line of railway. We have improvement commissioners, gas-lamps always a-light when there is no moon, and postmen with red coats. We have our squabbles about church-rates, and boast a newspaper, which, by the way, is quite able to boast for itself. In summer we have our cricket-club, (the match between little Tiddlecombe and Ourselves is a marked era in the history of cricket;) we have our boating, too, for we live near the river; now and then we have dancing and evening parties. Still, I required in the winter something more; when behold Hullah, like a ripe plum, jumped into my mouth; a music-class was formed A.D. eighteen hundred and fifty-five.

I am a shy man, and I understood, from a very reliable quarter, that ladies were about to join the class. I drew back. How was I to stand up and to be looked at, worst of all, to be heard by those fair creatures? However, I ventured. In my first attempts at harmony, our master stood beside a large black-board—we were ranged on benches row behind row; and I confess that I ungallantly left the ladies to bear the brunt of his observations and corrections, myself shamefully retiring behind the tallest and stoutest of the lovely singers. Other gentlemen followed my example; and, for some time, we were left to ourselves, although now and then alluded to, rather than addressed by our teacher. Often have I felt that his eye was upon me when I forgot for a moment my fears, and ventured a little way from my shelter. Sometimes he said that he could not hear the gentlemen's voices. This simple but too true observation filled me with trepidation. At last we were obliged to come forward, dragged into the light with all our false notes and bad time; and it is impossible to

describe the agony of our situation. Mr. Batten, (Mr. Hullah's deputy,) our able and kind master, exhorted us to make mistakes, rather than not sing at all. "Gentlemen," he said, "I wish that you would make some mistakes." In this respect I soon became his best pupil.

Miss Sophia Lute was, from the commencement, a member of the Hullah class; taking her place at once among the soprano voices. I do not know why she joined us, for she knew music sufficiently well before. I believe that she did it out of pure good nature. Sometimes, when I made abortive attempts to reach G—a note to which I have a fixed dislike—the other ladies of the class smiled. One young lady even laughed, and I hated her. Two other tenors, who confided their dislike to me, also hated her; but Miss Sophia always looked at me in a manner so kind and encouraging, that, although I never properly reached G, I felt pleased with my mistakes for bringing out such a look. G, indeed, has never been attainable to me.

There is always more shyness among the gentlemen than among the ladies. Several gentlemen on the stock exchange, a lawyer, and a Greek merchant, have successively come to our classroom with the intention of joining us; but have never summoned sufficient courage; Jones Smith (brother of Smith of the Admiralty, our best bass) actually ran away one evening, after knocking at the door.

We have three facetious members; one of whom, instead of singing, imitates all the others, one by one, in a ludicrous and covert manner, between the pieces. They give us, in addition, puns, conundrums, and witty observations. Miss Sophia does not like this. She says that it interrupts the singing. The humorous gentlemen were on the *qui vive* a few days ago in consequence of an observation made by a very sharp solicitor, who, seeing 6-8 at the beginning of a piece of music, (to indicate that there were six quavers in the bar,) could not imagine what it signified. He thought that he had seen the figures somewhere else, written in a line, but could not distinctly remember where.

There have been several jealousies. Those who live on the common looked down on us whose houses are not so stylish. They were quite angry when we called them the common people; but harmony was soon restored.

We have formed a Hullah madrigal club. Simpkins is secretary, and the committee meet every month. Hence, several most delightful parties. Besides, we have a Hullah picnic, and a Hullah boating association. And from the formation of that society I date my present ecstatic state of happiness.

It was on a Thursday in June, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, (I was brought up to be very careful about dates,) that we had our first picnic. Jones—the bass Jones—who sometimes comes to our practicings and *réunions*, has a villa on the Thames, between Teddington and Twickenham; a very pretty place it is, but more favorable to bass than to tenor voices in winter. I am told that a catarrh quite improves a bass voice; but, at the same time, Nature seems to have settled that the tenor requires more care, and, being scarcer, is the more valuable. So I could never live so very near the Thames as Jones.

It was arranged that there should be four boats—one respectively for the sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses. Of course the sopranos and altos did not row themselves—four gentlemen of the tenors rowed the soprano boat, four gentlemen of the basses the alto. I was stroke-oar of the sopranos, and sat just opposite to Miss Sophia. It was agreed as soon as we had made a little way, to sing "Since first I saw your face," a very pretty madrigal. But it all went wrong in consequence of my unhappy self-consciousness and my intractable G. In the second verse, at

"No, no, no, my heart is fast, and can not disentangle,"

I broke down completely. The words were so true, and the notes so false, that there was no help for it—the madrigal was a failure through my mischance, and I felt such a tingling and blushing all over me, that I believe my very oar would have tingled and blushed if it could.

We arrived at our destination without any further misadventure, and found the hospitable Jones anxiously awaiting us with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, whom he had invited to his house for the day; and certainly we had come to a lovely spot. A smoother and greener lawn was never seen, very gradually sloping to the water's edge. Here and there a willow dipped its branches into the river, while at one end of our friend's property was a little harbor into which our fleet was taken, and where it was safely moored. The house is a long building with verandahs; although glistening in the sunshine, still suggestive of coolness.

Either the sunshine, or the music, or something else, drew Miss Sophy and myself together, and made us take great delight in one another that day. The words of each song had a new meaning. Then I did not fully know who the kind interpreter was; now I do know, and he has since made a translation of my whole life, turning the dark into the bright, the bitter into the sweet, the miserable into the happy, the silent into the chatty, the lonely into the sociable—in fine, the bachelor into the Benedict.

This small and ubiquitous dragoman was particularly busy as we were singing Mendelssohn's "Winter, surly Winter." I felt deeply the melancholy feelings intended to be conveyed by the first part, which is in a minor key—I was *minimus*; but, when the words "Summer, joyous summer," burst forth in the major, I was *maximus*. I was something beyond *maximus* when we came to "Beside her daily I stray," and "I press her close to my heart."

We were ranged on the lawn in our usual order—Mr. Batten before us. I have heard since, that Captain Coppercap, R.N., was all the time making a caricature of us, which he did in his best style. There was Smith of the Admiralty, who looked as if he were a disconsolate widower trying to cry. There was Robinson, too; he wrote a celebrated pamphlet on the currency, (it was very kind of him to send me a copy, and I mean to read it.) He has a way while he is singing of staring up at the roof or the sky, as if he were looking out for an eclipse. There were three others, all of whom have contracted a habit of jerking out their hands at each note, not unlike hens pecking at a grain. These were represented with fatal fidelity. Coppercap caught also the expression of my face just as I was standing with my head somewhat aside, gazing sentimentally at Sophy.

What a delightful afternoon that was! Most especially delightful toward its close, when I won from the lips of Sophy herself the tenderest of all avowals in the sweetest of all tones. The magnificent cold collation, during which Jones proposed the health of the tenors, and I answered in a manner which drew applause from everybody—tears of sympathy from some; the archery, all but fatal to a stout gentleman fishing from a punt in the middle of the river. Smith has always been suspected of having shot the poor man on purpose; as he is only one step above Smith at the naval department of the Circumlocution Office. All faded from my memory—wholly concentrated on one blessed moment, a few precious words.

Our return home was by moonlight. Calcott's "Mark the Merry Elves of Fairyland" was a signal success. To me every thing breathed enchantment. The moonlit river, the dark trees, the murmur of the distant weir, the measured plash which marked our progress, the light drip of the suspended oar—nay, the appearance of a deputation from the elves in any impossible bark, from a nutshell to a leaf of the Victoria regia, would not have astonished me at all—nor did I astonish Mrs. Lute (what a mother-in-law she makes!) the next morning when I spoke to her about Sophy. She had seen it all from the beginning, and was sure that we were well suited to each other.

Our wedding was the most splendid that had been seen in the neighborhood for many a day. The whole Hullah class attended—Mr. Batten also gave us the pleasure of his company, and conducted us to church.

My dear wife and myself still continue members of that admirable conductor's class, and find

that our love for music increases steadily with our love for each other. It was only last week that Yawhaw, of the twentieth Dragon Guards, to whom I had lent, in a moment of unsuspicious friendship, five pounds, repudiated the debt in the most audacious manner. I was very angry at first; but, on my return to Tottleton in the evening, Sophy asked Smith, Barker, Matilda Long, and May Burgoyne—and after two catches and a madrigal, I utterly forgot the existence of Yawhaw, the twentieth, and that such things as five pound notes ever existed.

What can I recommend better to the inhabitants of small towns and villages in general, than a Hullah singing-class. Although the case of the Parish of Twiddledum *versus* the Rector is very important in the eyes of the world; although the present beadle of Hoggleton-cum-Poggleton is an outrageous despot; although the curate of Talkum Parva does take snuff; although Mrs. Fitz Urse de Courcy Vernon de Vere is much to be blamed as the daughter of Sir Augustus de Tadpole, while Mrs. Figgins is still more to be blamed as the daughter of old Bugginson—although all these matters ought to worry all our lives and make us all hate one another—I wish that a Hullah class were established in each of these great centres of thought and intelligence; for peace and harmony are heavenly gifts.

GOETHE'S SMALLER POEMS.—The singular facility with which Goethe's poems were produced, resembling improvisation or inspiration rather than composition, has contributed in some cases, no doubt, to enhance their peculiar charm. "I had come," he says, "to regard the poetic talent dwelling in me entirely as nature; the rather that I was directed to look upon external nature as its proper subject." The exercise of this poetic gift might be stimulated and determined by occasion, but it flowed forth most joyfully, most richly, when it came involuntarily, or even against my will.

"I was so accustomed to say over a song to myself without being able to collect it again, that I sometimes rushed to the desk, and, without taking time to adjust a sheet that was lying crosswise, wrote the poem diagonally from beginning to end, without stirring from the spot. For the same reason I preferred to use a pencil which gives the characters more willingly; for it had sometimes happened that the scratching and spattering of the pen would wake me from my somnambulist poetizing, distract my attention, and stifle some small product in the birth. For such poetry I had a special reverence. My relation to it was something like a hen to the chickens, which, being fully hatched, she sees chirping about her. My former desire to communicate these things only by reading them aloud renewed itself again. To barter them for money seemed to me detestable."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 3, 1857.

The Want of Concert among Musicians.

No one of our social interests seems to suffer more from want of organization than what we may call the musical interest. There is no unity, except the most ephemeral and uncertain, among the musical materials. If you hear a good orchestra, or a good opera company, or a good church-choir, or a good oratorio, *once*, you have no certainty that you will find the same inspiration in the same place when you visit it again; the rarest combination has all exploded or crumbled away after the few first successes.

In no branch of activity do interests diverge more hopelessly than among the professors of this divine art. Devoted to the fairest type of

spiritual and social harmony, to a science which is the most perfect actual illustration of the laws by which the Primal Love distributes itself in infinite ascending and descending series of discreet, but yet harmonious varieties; devoted to Music, the all-reconciling, in whose universal utterances there can be no antagonisms, no opinions, sects, or parties,—these men, by some most cruel fatality, seem thwarted in all their efforts to co-operate as ministering priests of Beauty and of Order to the rest of us poor, anxious, jealous, irritable members in the general dislocation of humanity.

A cruel thing it is, this universal necessity, this *inverse* providence, of competition. It upsets all harmonious designs, gives the lie to well-meaning instincts, balks the heavenly economy of means and forces, robs society of the best fruits of its choicest talents, tantalizes mankind with the sense of a possession never realized!

Surely, one of our most heavenly inheritances is Art, and especially Music. It is a dispensation not to be *dispensed* with; a revelation, far above sectarian constructions, of the Divine love and wisdom; a permanent awakener of the emotions that connect us consciously with the whole universe and with its Source.

Such is Music. The passion and the talent for it are thickly strewn among the multitudes of civilization. Every city now is full of skilful musicians, many of them truly *artists*. It is astonishing how much talent can be counted up in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, and even smaller cities. Germany sends over colonies of her Bach-Beethoven-Mendelssohn-inspired violinists and pianists; Italy of her opera singers; England of her organists, bred up in the school of Handel, with the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt" at their fingers' ends. Whole orchestras come over on the wave of revolution, excite their audiences to rapture, and soon disperse to seek out poor individual livelihoods by teaching and by drudging in theatres and balls, still multiplying copies of the "Pegasus in harness."

There is a plenty of this talent, but how unavailable, either for its own material support, or for the gratification of the hunger for good music, which no doubt exists much more widely and more deeply than appears! There has been too little union among artists. They too have had to *compete* for a livelihood. Each depends upon an individual reputation. He must be *the* star, eclipsing all the rest, or he is eclipsed in the public favor. The solo-playing *virtuoso* will not combine his talents with other talents on any condition but that of making his own instrument at all times paramount and central. He stands between you and his music. Catch him, if you can, condescending, like a true artist, who studies only how to bring out the soul and meaning of a composition of Beethoven or Mozart, to play the *second* violin, or anything of that sort! No—he must be first, be all in all; he knows that if he lose his *prestige*, he will never win another audience; for, with the public, the last comer is always the best, and all that came before are naught, are quite neglected and forgotten.

Now Music is essentially the art that calls for combination. Its true effects are only known where numbers and varieties of talent are organized to one end. The orchestra, the Sym-

phony, is the true type of harmony. But what a fatality has almost everywhere attended orchestral experiments! The elements could never be kept for any length of time together; as soon as there got to be some unity of feeling and of purpose among them, some common consciousness of what they were expressing, some *style* and character to their performance, they would break up; the ideal, once approached, could not be reproduced a second season. The civilized necessities of trade and competition had sapped the little musical republic and disorganized it utterly; and still the music-loving public, whose appetite had grown by what it fed on, complained of lack of music, when there were plenty of excellent artists, drudging on and starving without concert, within a stone's throw of each other.

One is tempted to the conclusion that there can be no genuine production of music, no steady, unadulterated supply of the musical want, no such thing as a good permanent orchestra or choir, in the present phase of social progress, where competition chokes all confluent vibrations, and stuns all finer sensitiveness with profane clamor. We may have to wait till a true organization of all industry shall have worked out this crazing discord, this *wolf*, as the tuners call it, from the vexed strings of the social harp, and realized a peaceful, cordial unity of interests and occupations; till all persons shall be placed beyond physical want, all brought into their natural spheres of chosen and attractive labor, and all educated and refined;—we may have to wait for *this*, before society can have the means, the organized economy of forces, for producing the great compositions of the masters, frequently enough and well enough, to make them really available for the delight and edification of mankind.

One who should go much among the low places of music, and look into the orchestras of theatres, where so many plod obscurely on, for the amusement of the sovereign people and a poor minimum of personal support, would be astonished at the amount of genuine musical feeling and even genius which has there shrunk into itself, living a dull and moody life of habit. Art is so poorly appreciated as Art, that hundreds of good artists are reduced to this servitude. The humbleness of their position somewhat shelters while it disguises the artist soul within.

The reigning favorite, the star, that shines successfully until another star eclipses it, the solo-singer, the Sontag, Ole Bull or Thalberg, suffers quite as much by it. They have to prostitute their higher nature in repeating old tricks to procure applause. Their sphere is always that of exhibition of individual prowess, before great crowds, pampered to excess with feeding upon novelties and prodigies that yield no sustenance. It is not so much *their* fault; it is the tendency of the age. It is the form into which the musical genius of the age is forced. It is a form in which genius cannot thrive. It becomes necessarily dissipated. Its creations are restless, fragmentary, wildly aspiring, and without repose. It is the intense *individualism* of the times, as it affects the sphere of Music. It is indeed a sad time for all artists. In such a restless period of transition from an old exhausted life to an order of society that shall do more justice to man's wants, genius of all kinds beats the air with random wing, like the eagle in a storm. Competition and Individualism have

done one good for Art as for all things: they perfect and refine to the highest pitch the elements which are hereafter to form harmony. So in Music, this solo-playing is wonderfully developing the powers of voices, instruments and fingers. When shall we have them all combined in a true Unitary Concert? Is it not a strange anomaly that you can hardly get two great players to play together, to meet as equals, and merge themselves in any common effort to bring out the meaning and the glory of a great composition? On the contrary, each requires to stand alone, and dwarfs the rest to mere accompaniment. He had rather use the orchestra to set off his concerto with variations, than loyally and heartily conspire with them in rendering justice to a symphony of Beethoven. The higher aspirations of artists can create only dissipated music in this sphere. When worldly interests shall harmonize, when fit sphere shall be open to the education and the use of every inborn taste and talent in each member of the social body, when Unity shall be the law of society, there will be orchestras and choirs of genius, and all this labor now expended in an ill-requited drudgery or in vain show, will be inspired to work together *con amore* to the highest ends of Art and of Humanity. This is a hope respecting Music which perhaps only the believers in a better Social Order have the privilege of entertaining.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The TWELFTH half-yearly volume of our Journal commences with the present number. It is just the opening of the musical season, and we hope our friends will remember us and send us in the names of many new subscribers. We must also jog the memory of many subscribers who are still delinquent in their payments. In times like these, a Journal that lives by what true love of Art there in the community, needs all the little that is pledged to it.

The concert for the benefit of Sig. GUIDI is necessarily postponed. Due notice will be given when it takes place.

MR. JAMES C. D. PARKER has been appointed organist and pianist to the Handel and Haydn Society, in the place of Mr. MUELLER, who has gone to Albany. We congratulate the Society and the lovers of Oratorio music on this appointment. Mr. P. is a young Bostonian, of liberal culture, in whom the love of music prevailed over professional tastes and interests, and drew him to Leipzig, where he earnestly availed himself of every means to make himself a sound musician. And that he is; very much at home in the great works of Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and the other classic masters, and especially in their oratorios and other sacred works. He is a quiet, modest gentleman, as well as a musician, full of zeal for Art, and constantly improving himself in knowledge and in practice. Success to him and to the old Handel and Haydn! CARL ZERRAHN, the conductor, was to sail from Europe on the 1st of this month, and will doubtless be here in a couple of weeks, when the rehearsals of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" (the oratorio of all others which our music-lovers should hail with joy) will be commenced in earnest. . . . The Italian opera season at Paris commenced Sept. 15. Among the stars announced were Grisi, Mario, Albouy, Graziani and Lablache, who it appears "still lives." . . . Verdi's *Arolo* has had what is called an "immense success" in Rimini, Italy. The composer was called out thirty times the first night, and so was the librettist once. After the performance, the whole theatre, audience and all, with the orchestra at their head, and with flaming

torches, marched to Verdi's hotel, and made a noisy glorious night of it. . . . On the Austrian emperor's birth-day a concert was given at the Imperial Lunatic Asylum in Vienna. STAUBIGL, the great basso, whose melancholy infirmity has made him there an inmate, attended, and gratified a party of friends after the concert with Schubert's "Wanderer," which he sang with "such a depth of feeling and expression that not a dry eye remained in the circle." . . . Bronze medals, of the size of a five shilling piece, have been distributed among the performers at the late Handel festival in London. . . . VIEUXTEMPS and THALBERG are still vibrating between New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, &c., and are expected here some time this month, stopping to give concerts by the way at Bridgeport, New Haven and Hartford.

ALBERT D. ALLIN, a young man of musical promise, and an occasional contributor to this Journal, died last week in Springfield, Mass. He was the only son of the Master Armorer at the U. S. Amory, and is deeply lamented by all who knew him. The Springfield Republican says:

Young Allin had just attained his majority, crowned with the fruit of an industrious and well-spent boyhood. We all knew him, and loved him. He was a genius. Since we have been connected with the press, he was the boy-publisher of a newspaper, and, in connection with other boys, wrote the articles, set the type, and engraved the cuts. Since he was ten years old, he has been passionately devoted to music, and it would be hard to mention the number of instruments he could play upon. For some time past, he has been the organist at Christ church. He was a writer of little operas and oratorios, which were performed by chosen companions to delighted audiences. If music was to be arranged for an occasion, his was the ready and skilful hand to do it. For some time past, he has been engaged in the work of draftsman at the Armory. The last time we met him in the street, he said he was accumulating funds with which to visit Germany for the further pursuit of his musical studies. In fact, life was opening upon him with the full flush of golden promise; and the eyes of many friends were fixed upon him with high hopes. He is gone, and the dream is over; but he went with the Christian's character and the Christian's hope. The family which has been thus sorely bereaved have the sympathy of our whole community.

Our Boston School Committee did a good thing in passing the following Orders for the further introduction of music into the public schools:

Ordered, That the study and practice of vocal music, as a part of the system of public instruction, be authorized by this Board; and that two half-hours each week in the Grammar Schools, and such time in the Primary Schools as shall be sufficient, be devoted to it.

Ordered, That the pupils shall receive the same credits for proficiency and undergo the same examinations in this as in other studies pursued in the schools.

Ordered, That singing constitute a part of the opening and closing exercises of each session of the Primary Schools; and that in the Grammar Schools the morning session be opened and the afternoon session be closed with appropriate singing; and that in addition to the instruction already given by the music teacher to the first and second classes, musical notation, the singing of the scale, and exercises in reading simple music, be practiced twice a week by the lower classes, under the direction of the teachers.

Ordered, That it shall be the duty of the Music Teacher, for the time being, at the Girls' High and Normal School, to give such instruction to the pupils of that institution as may qualify them to teach vocal music in our Public Schools.

A contemporary has the following tribute to one of our most accomplished native soprano singers:

Mrs. J. H. LONG, of Boston, has recently been taking a part in the State Musical Convention, held at Waterville, Me. The press and those present at the Convention speak of Mrs. Long's delicious voice in the most enthusiastic terms. This reminds us that a gentleman of this city, who is considered the best authority, recently stated to us, in remarking upon music in England, that there was not a singer among the resident vocalists of England who possessed a more pleasing voice, or was a more acceptable vocalist, than Mrs. Long, of Boston. The gentleman has just returned from England, and is familiar with musical matters in Europe.

The Masonic Temple, that seat of the Muses, now occupied as Piano-forte warerooms by the Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and redolent of pleasant memories of the best chamber concerts, has been purchased by the U. S. Government for a Court House! That is indeed a profanation. . . . The New York Philharmonic Society announce their sixteenth season. The first day rehearsal, open to associate members, takes place on the 10th inst., Mr. EISELDO conductor. The pieces will be Spohr's descriptive Symphony: "The Consecration of Tones," Beethoven's "Leonora" overture and Schumann's overture to "Manfred." The number of performers is now eighty-one, and of associate members eighteen hundred; five years ago these numbers stood at 67 and about 500 respectively.

The New York Courier & Enquirer has a quaint correspondent at Cape Ann, a dear lover of good music and good poetry, who has been put upon quite country fare in the way of reading. From a popular book of Psalmody, which he found there, he extracts the following delightfully fresh and verdant bit of history, regretting that he cannot also give the music to which it appears as appendix:

History informs us that Wolfgang Mozart, the great German composer, died at Vienna in 1791. There is something strikingly touching and beautiful in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest song was the last he sung—the "Requiem." He had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspiration of richest melody, and already claiming kinred with immortality. After giving it his last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time as his cyrenian strain, he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emelie awoke him. "Come hither, Emelie," said he, "my task is done, the Requiem—my Requiem—is finished!" "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him as tears stood in her eyes, "You must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we will nurse you well again. Let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love!" said the dying father; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid in this, my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, Emelie; take these, my last notes; sit down by my piano, here, sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother; let me once more hear those tones which have been my solace and delight." Emelie obeyed, and with tenderest emotion sang the following stanzas:

"Spirit, thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun," &c., &c.

As she concluded, says an account before us, she dwelt for a moment on the low notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in vain for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the wrapt and joyful spirit had left, with the seal of death upon those features.—"From the 'American Vocalist' Collection of Tunes, &c."

History, it seems, (adds the letter-writer) kills Mozart one year sooner than biography. His wife and two sons outlived him, and he had no daughter and her name was not Emelie. The only thing true about the above is the "suthin refreshing;" "Cyrenian strain" is not in my dictionary. But the sentiment!

The French Opera season in New Orleans promises as well as ever, to judge from the following list of artists engaged:

Messrs. Delagrave and Julian, first tenors grand opera; Junot, first basso grand opera; Villa, first basso comic opera; Maillet, second basso of comic and grand opera; Holtzern, first tenor comic opera; Debrinay, second tenor comic opera; Ronche, first barytone; Venkel, second barytone. Mmes. Paola, soprano; Bourgeois, contralto; Colson, chanteuse legere; Latouche, dugazon. Mr. Roux, stage manager. For drama and chorists, Messrs. Vankel and Maillet, Mrs. Vankel, Mme. Deligne, Miss Marie Leider. The new members of the troupe are now on their way, having sailed from Havre on the 4th September.—Piscayune.

The opera, they say, goes on swimmingly in New York; great merchants, factories, banks "suspend," but that holds out; its notes are not protested. This

week they have had *Ernani*, with LAGRANGE, Mlle. VESTALI (in the character of Charles the Fifth, baritone!) Sig. MACCAFERRI, tenor, and GASSIER; and *I Puritani*, by LAGRANGE, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO and COLETTI, (the last three of the Philadelphia troupe.) To-night Mme. FREZZOLINI sings in *Lucia*, and on Monday in *L'Elisir d'Amore*. So it goes on, the old story—not a word of Mozart yet, or Weber, or Beethoven. But they have had "The Barber"!... Last evening Frezzolini sang in concert, with THALBERG, VIEUXTEMPS, &c. To-morrow (Sunday evening) under the same auspices, a "Grand Oratorio," Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, is announced at the Academy, when Lagrange breaks the ice in oratorio, aided by Vestali, Mne. Strakosch, Labocetta, Gassier, Rocco, &c., with large orchestra and chorus. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" and the March from the "Prophet" fill the programme. It is stated that Messrs. Ullman & Co. have made arrangements with the Sacred Harmonic Society (conducted by Mr. BRISTOW), to unite the opera solos and orchestra with their chorus, and give eight oratorio performances, including the "Messiah," "Creation," "Elijah," &c.... Miss JULIANA MAY announces her second and last concert, before going to the South, for next Tuesday.

On Monday evening the Italian Opera succeeds the Ronzani Ballet at the Philadelphia Academy. Mr. Marshall announces his stars, engaged for him by Maretzek, with much skill of rhetoric; the novelities are,—

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Signora RAMOS, Prima Donna from Turin, and Signora TAGLIAFICO, from the Theatre Royal, London.

To which galaxy add the old favorites: Mme. GAZZANIGA, Signors BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, ASSONI and COLETTI; with a gleam of coming glory beyond all, for the manager "is proud" to announce that TAMBERLIK, the tenor, is engaged to come after the termination of his engagement at St. Petersburg.—When will it be our turn? Next week, answers Rumor, but we know her not.

The London Committee, who managed the concerts, readings, &c. given "In Remembrance of the late Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD," address a statement of results to the *Musical World*. They say:

They have considered their personal responsibility a sufficient refutation of any untrue and preposterous statements that have obtained circulation as to property asserted to have been left by Mr. Jerrold, and they now merely add, that unless they had thoroughly known, and beyond all doubt assured themselves that their exertions were needed by the dearest objects of Mr. Jerrold's love, those exertions would never have been heard of.

The audited accounts show that the various performances, readings, and lectures have realized, after the payment of all expenses, a clear profit of £2,000. This sum is to be expended in the purchase (through trustees) of a Government annuity for Mrs. Jerrold and her unmarried daughter, with remainder to the survivor.

We are happy to add, in conclusion, that, although we have been most generously assisted on many hands, and especially by members of the musical profession, we have never consciously accepted a sacrifice that could not be afforded, and have furnished good employment and just remuneration to many deserving persons. We are, sir, your faithful servants,

CHARLES DICKENS, Chairman.
ARTHUR SMITH, Hon. Secretary.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.—In entering upon a new volume, in these hard times, we do not see why we may not do like others (though it has not been hitherto our weakness), and produce a few of the good words of encouragement and commendation that have come to us spontaneously from our contemporaries. The first is from the Worcester *Palladian*:—

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.—The twelfth half-yearly volume of this journal commences Oct. 3d. To those familiar with the manner in which it has always been conducted, we need say nothing of its excellence; but to those who have the misfortune to be strangers to its pages, we would say that it is the best musical paper published in this country, and probably has few equals in the old world. This may seem high praise; but it is the result of many years' close acquaintance with its columns, and will be echoed by all who have been its faithful readers. Its contributors are among the best musical writers, and its news items are always carefully made out. Its editorials are the productions of a deep thinking, earnest mind; and the translations which it has given with lavish hand, have always been of rare worth.

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Mr. Dwight, the conductor of this excellent journal of music, announces its sixth year. During its existence, he says, it has never once failed to make its appearance punctually every Saturday, and has earned, he thinks, a right not only to continue to live, but to begin to remunerate, much better than it has done, the incessant, anxious care and brain work which have thus far kept it up to its first promise. It will live on, (says Mr. Dwight,) if we live. Long life, say we, to both!—*N. O. Picayune, April, 1857*.

We know of no musical paper more deserving of patronage than the *Journal*; it contains all the news, foreign and domestic, liberal criticisms on concerts and operas, and a great variety of solid information, theoretical, biographical and critical, in regard to the celebrated composers of the past and present centuries. We cordially recommend it to our musical readers as worthy their patronage and attentive perusal.—*Fitzgerald's City Item, (Phila.)*

Why don't every one subscribe for *Dwight's Journal of Music*, which is full of useful information and valuable news to the musician and amateur, and we could not possibly do without it now.... Those who do not subscribe to *Dwight* lose a fund of entertaining and instructive reading.—*Albany Times*.

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The Second Exhibition will open WEDNESDAY, July 15, with a new collection of Pictures, among which will be found, The Visitation, by Page; The First N. E. Thangving, by Edwin White; additional pictures by Allison; and other works by New York and Boston Artists.

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